

# OXFORD OBSERVER.

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VOLUME VI.

BY WILLIAM E. GOODNOW AND WILLIAM P. PHELPS.

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## THE REFLECTOR.

The morning of Life is clear and beautiful—not a cloud floats upon the sky, not a breeze fans the earth but brings sweet tidings upon its wings, and is a fresh source of joy. In our youth we look upon Nature with the eye of an enthusiast and drink in the beauties of a landscape as it were a part of Heaven. How often have I strolled out into the woods and along the hills, and given myself up to the full influence of my feelings. I have sat down in the beautiful hour of Twilight, and let my imagination run riot among the glittering throng of clouds that wreathed their golden folds around the setting sun. I have gone out beneath the sky when the stars were lighting up the infinite space, and felt that every breeze that waved its plumes around me was fresh from heaven—unmixed with earth, and unsullied as a dream of Paradise. Oh! there is a pure and blessed influence upon the soul at such an hour, and aspirations, higher and holier than earth can give, go off to the realms of love. Fancy, free and unfettered as the morning breeze, fills the air with forms fairer than the Turkish hour, and paints upon every cloud that rolls in flood of glory along the west, scenes that can only be realized within the gates of Eden. And every star that looks in beauty from the azure sky, seems a spirit of a better sphere roaming those fields of trackless blue, that hang on high like the canopy of Space.

There are glories in the sky, and the air, and in the fields, which the plodding man of the world never dreams of. There is the melody of heaven in the evening wind—there is a delicious and soothing music in the brawling of a mountain brook, and the gurgling of limpid waters, which he never hears—“a rapture in the pathless woods”—a joy in silent communion with nature, of which he is not susceptible. He does not hear the song of joy that flies upon the wings of Spring—he cannot feel that the winds of Autumn as they rustle among the falling leaves, are but the low and melancholy dirge of Summer. He cannot stand upon the mountain’s top when the spirit of the tempest is out, when all the banner clouds are unfurled, the elements at war, and the thunders and lightnings of heaven battling fearfully with the demons of the storm, and feel himself a part of the scene around him, and go off, in the height of inspiration, to ride upon the sea of clouds that are rolling in masses of blackness along the air. No! It is the poet that changes with the face of Nature. It is the poet whose mind mirrors the beauty of heaven. It is the poet who makes a cloud his ear to waft him to realms beyond the reach of human ken. He feels, when the dews of evening are falling upon his throbbing brow, that they are but the incense of heaven, scattered from a bounteous hand; and that the twilight shadows rolling in imperceptible folds across the sky, are but the unseen spirits of the air, waving their shadowy plumes along the unimagined depths of blue, and veiling the sky but to bring to the view of man, beauties unrivaled and undimmed.

There is an inexhaustible source of joy, in the lone and silent communings of the heart with nature. The hand of an unseen being seems to drop balm upon the lacerated mind, when it steals out to worship at Nature’s shrine.—Breathings of a better world come upon it, and lull the senses into a momentary forgetfulness of earthly thoughts. ‘Tis then the aspirations of the soul are pure and unsullied as the first rays of morn; the passions are calmed—the irritated mind is soothed, and the world, with all its troubles and vexations is forgotten.

Though the world should frown upon us, and the clouds of lost hopes, and despair hover round us, like the smoke of desolation round the ruins of a temple, still the contemplative mind will ever take a pleasure in these journeys to Nature’s places of worship.—These are the heart’s treasures which can never be taken away.—*Parte*.

## ANTICIPATION.

This cold world of ours amidst its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone, in throwing over man the hoar frosts of a soul chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is a cheering *Oasis* in the drear wilderness of its sorrows.

A ray of Heavenly sunshine, that gleams occasionally through the woe-beset darkness of human wanderings. Have we parted from those we love—love dearer, oh! dearest than life itself? And has the separation insulated us, cut us off from every earthly felicity, and left us sad and alone, though in the midst of cheerful faces? Has it made us aliens and strangers amidst the crowd that surrounds us; with no other hold upon its good feelings, than the stranger’s claim to the stranger’s kindness?

There are still bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene; for the isolated heart has found perhaps in every acquaintance a friend, and in every bosom the evidence of kindly feeling! But above all, there is in the gloomiest hour of its loneliness a mellow tint in the rainbow of hope, which nought save despair itself can obscure. It is the hope of meeting again, the object of all that the heart prizes in its affections, and all it dwells upon in the musings of its anticipations! Anticipation! Thou art the sweetest of this bitter life. ‘Tis thou that drivest gloom from the gloomy heart, and chases away the sorrows that intrude themselves upon the sorrowful. ‘Tis thou that takest

“The sting from adieu;”  
“That learnest us to forget the burning bitterness of the last farewell and God bless you, in the accompanying redemption of the valedictory ‘We shall meet ere long.’

“Tis thou that learns the heart its flight  
“From present woe, to hoped delight.”

There is not in human sensibility, so bright a ministration of happiness as this. To be assured amidst the stormy vicissitudes of life, that there is one who thinks of you—me who communies with your sorrows, and weeps over them, through distant; and who will shortly hover over you with the consolations which affection can alone impart, is an emotion, that no one can appreciate, but he who has felt it.—*Canada Journal*.

## MISCELLANY.

FROM THE WILDFORD AUTHOR J. FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

NO. III.

“Ah who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Farno’s proud temple shines  
Afar.”

The scholars were dismissed from Saybrook, and each betook himself to his home and entered upon the course of life which his friends of his fortune had prescribed for him. Du Quesne, with whom we must at present continue, repaired to New-York, where upon his being admitted to the bar, as in due time he was, his mysterious supply of money was withheld, and he was left without relatives or connexions, to make the slow and uncertain progress in the business of his profession. He was of a temperament of mind much too sensitive for his own comfort, in a calling which at that time at any rate, however, it may be at present, exposed him to altercation, contradiction, and that sharp and harsh collision, which tries and strengthens the passions of the heart, at least as much as it does the faculties of the mind.

He had a natural and easy eloquence, and more taste of learning than most of his associates. His attention to his business was strict, but it was forced, and his occasional success embittered his enemies more than it conciliated his friends. He even concreted at times, the courts before whom he practised had their favorites, and that he was not in the number. Sometimes neglected, always opposed, and often mortified he yet patiently persevered—though he soon found himself the object of personal enmity, and was convinced of attempts to defeat his progress. He resolved to exert his industry to acquire the means of support in some place in the new settlements as remote as consistent with personal security, where law was cheap and where independence might easily be purchased. This vision of comfort he cherished in secret, and resorted to it in his day-dreams as his standing consolation. But his enemies were too active, and shortened the period which was necessary to his success. Some bills and papers relating to claims in a suit to a large amount, and which were entrusted to him, were missing, as he found when he was preparing his cases. He searched in vain—his anxiety amount to distress. He feared to ask for any accommodation, for it was attended with the risk of disclosure. Those who had artfully accomplished their objects by involving him in this embarrassment, were little likely to show him favor. There was no alternative—after weeks of agony the term began, the suits were defeated, he was personally liable for the loss and industriously exposed to censure.—His employers were advised to their remedy against him, and the least of his troubles was the constant idea of being arrested.

One morning, very early, with an agitated mind he crossed the river to the Jersey shore, for the sake of relieving, or indulging his melancholy, and having to himself a few moments of solitude & security. There was a retired spot at no great distance from the shore, sheltered by trees and surrounded with rural beauty, which seemed to invite the solitary and offer its quiet scenery to soothe the angry passions, and imperceptibly to substitute feelings of a softer kind.—And yet this very place, from that very day to this, has been the battle ground of

wounded honor. How often has it witnessed the worst of passions, and how rich has been the blood that has at times been shed there! To this spot he was unconsciously approaching when he was roused by the near report of fire arms. He quickened his pace in the direction of the noise, and on coming to a natural lawn among the trees, discovered a man upon the ground apparently wounded, and just fallen. Three others were burying through the thicket and evidently bent on a hasty escape. The nature of this transaction was evident. He called upon the fugitives in vain—he followed them at a distance till they were out of sight, and then returned when he found there was no hope of assistance towards the wounded man. He stopped in his way only to take up a pistol which lay on the ground about ten paces distant from the object of his attention. On his reaching the wounded man, what was his astonishment to find his own most bitter enemy and rival lay speechless & dying! He looked up with an expression unutterable, when he saw who it was that came his assistance, and made a violent attempt to speak, gasped and died. At this moment Du Quesne was stooping to raise the body already lifeless, when several men who had been alarmed by the same noise which drew him to the place, rushed hastily, and as he began to ask them artlessly for help recued him as their prisoner and charged him with the murder.

His surprise made his answers incoherent, and his agitation, to their eyes was evidence of his guilt. In this state of mind he was conveyed to the city, taken before a magistrate, and charged with the fact. On the examination it appeared that the pistol found in his possession had been recently discharged the lock was sprung, and the smell and marks of newly burnt powder were strong about it. A surgeon had extracted a ball from the dead man, which exactly corresponded with the caliber of the pistol. It was likewise in proof that there had been a bitter enmity between the deceased and the accused.

“You are a lawyer, Mr. Du Quesne (said the magistrate,) and know that you can answer or not to the charge.—What say you? Is there any reason why you should not be fully committed for trial? The offence is not *bailable* you know.” “And if it were,” said Du Quesne, “I have no bail.” “Do you choose to attempt any defence or explanation? it will be evidence against you, you know, though not in your favor.—You are agitated—take a moment’s time.

This moment’s time helped little to compose the prisoner’s spirits. He cast his eye round the room filled with boys and men, black and white, ragged, dirty and vulgar. It occurred to him how absurd it was, in the presence of such an audience, to say to a Dutch Justice, that his morning’s walk was one of sentiment, and the scenery and silence operated upon the workings of his mind to cross the river.

He contented himself with a simple declaration of his own innocence, which he knew the Justice did not believe, & mustering his self-possession, said he was without evidence and without *friends*. He uttered this last word with a voice, and in a manner that would have done the best of actors. A tear slid upon his long and drooping eyelash, and fell upon the floor, it was succeeded by another—his face was fixed, and the last word, *friends*, had recalled to his mind some strong recollections.

The Justice was looking fully at him, and felt for his distress. He had no opinion of the deceased, and as far as morals were concerned could excuse the man who met his adversary in an honorable way. He went up to him and led him to the further corner of the room. “My worthy friend, (said he) confess the whole; I’ll help you if I can—He was a good for nother fellow, and I have no doubt, fairly killed: come tell me what you have to say.”

“Mr. Van Erp, (said the prisoner,) upon my soul’s safety, I am not guilty.”

“Oh, I know that, (said the Justice,) it is no great crime in a fair way, to dispose of such a fellow, especially in your case—but don’t deny the fact; you may confide.”

“Yes, I do confide, while I tell you that I did not do it.”

“What! (said the Justice,) not shoot him?”

“No I did not.”

“Be it so, (said the Justice, incredulously shaking his head,) you are a lawyer, and have heard the evidence; you know I must commit you—delay is useless.”

The ‘Squire, as he was termed, made out his mittimus himself, (for in this country magistrates have no clerks) and Du Quesne was followed to the jail by the rabble that had attended his trial. The jail then stood on the East River, near the centre of that busy spot where there are now so many slips and grocers, where the streets are so dirty, and the

passage so difficult. The building itself I will tell you. When I was thirteen was made partly of stone and partly of wood, and the jail-house, in which his brothers to learn the Blacksmith’s trade. I worked with him about a week steadily, but not liking to be burned by the cinders, or have my naturally white face and hands made black by coal, I took ‘French leave’ of my Master. I travelled as far as I well could for two days and nights, fearing I should meditate. It was some time before I could be followed, and when within ten miles of Boston at which place I intended to engage on board some vessel as cabin boy—I stopped to gather nuts to eat. I of the interval, and the agonizing reflection which that interval must be copper of the stamp first issued by the United States mint. I was quite pleased before his closing eyes at night, ed with my treasure, and rubbing off the beans of morning would bring along YOUR BUSINESS. I took the advice so kindly given, with a thankful heart, and wheeling about, commenced my march for the Blacksmith’s dwelling at quick time. I attended strictly to my business until I became of age, when I intended according to custom to give a freedom treat to my friends. In pursuance of my design, I journeyed to a grocery to procure a few articles for a repast. The things ordered were put up, and I took out my purse to pay for them. As the change slid out, the copper only to the consciousness that all was before mentioned seemed to string me up, and I took out my purse to pay for them. As the change slid out, the copper only to the consciousness that all was before mentioned seemed to string me up, and I took out my purse to pay for them. Its efforts were not in vain. I ordered the clerk to put the articles into their respective boxes from which they were taken, and pour the ‘fourth proof’ into the hogshead. As soon as I saw it done, I turned upon my heels and set off for a village close by, where was a blacksmith’s shop to be sold at auction that day.

“One hundred and fifty dollars—have you all done?” burst from the brazen lungs of the auctioneer, just as I arrived within hearing distance. ‘One hundred and fifty-five,’ said I. The sound of my voice reached him and returned as if in echo, “Once! twice! three! Who’s the buyer?” Peter Sledge Hamner, I answered, throwing the hundred fifty dollars upon his counter.

I had little left except the old copper and the clothes I had on. As soon as the crowd dispersed I went to work, and before sunset had earned money enough to procure a supper and lodging that night. From that day to this I have minded my business, and you, Dunson, can see and appreciate the result.

*American Manufacturer.*

[From the Family Reader.]

## LAST HOURS OF GOV. LINCOLN.

The last number of the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette contains an article on the late Governor Lincoln of this State, some interesting extracts from which are given below. And having occasion to mention that Journal, it gives me pleasure to state that two or three of the last numbers appear to be an improvement upon the preceding; the articles generally contain more interesting and valuable matter, and less Benthamism.

The extracts concerning Gov. Lincoln are interesting, not only on account of the man and the relation which he held at the time of his decease to the people of this State, but also as a striking illustration of the fact, that in mental derangement, however wild and unbalanced the mind may become, still the language and actions will exhibit in a striking degree the prevailing character and habits of the man. I have witnessed a case in point a day or two since in this town, in a man who has for many years been master of a vessel, and now lies at the point of death, if he has not already breathed his last. In his delirious wanderings he would call upon his mate to do this, his cook to do that, and give various orders to the crew. What a storm we have, said he; but now it is a dead calm; well come let us eat now for we shall soon have a breeze—there’s the harbor, we shall soon get in—don’t you see the light house?

So with the Governor: he was commander-in-chief of the militia, and in his delirious moments he addressed the troops with ardor and eloquence. He was Governor of the State, and his sense of dignity and propriety never seemed to forsake him in his wildest paroxysms.

The following is from the Yankee:

ENOCH LINCOLN was the fourth son of Levi Lincoln of Massachusetts; he was born Dec. 28, 1788, at Worcester, Massachusetts. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1807, studied law, and went to Salem, where he pursued the profession for a short period. After this he returned to his native town, where he practised with considerable reputation; thence he removed to Fryeburg, a village of Maine and thence to another village of the same State, Paris, where he soon distinguished himself, not only at the bar, but in public life, as a faithful and zealous friend of the people—was elected to the Congress of the United States, where he served with high reputation. At last he became the Governor of Maine.

## JAIL AT NEW AMSTERDAM

“My dear and only friend—I am here confined as a criminal, on a capital charge, and am to be tried in about ten months with no hopes of being acquitted.

To you it is not necessary for me to go into detail; I know your confidence in me is such, that you will take my declaration that I am wholly innocent; for I would not call you to rescue the guilty. My only solace is, that I disclose my every thought to you, that I can repose upon your friendship with perfect security, and rely on your exertions as fully as on my own. My thoughts are too distracted to devise any mode of assistance; I leave that to you. Yet use your influence and though it may be all in vain, let me, if possible see you once more.

CAROLOS DU QUESNE.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MIND YOUR BUSINESS.

“There,” said my Grandfather, “are three words worth more than a volume of such trash as young people read now a days. I assure you Dunson, that they have been of more service to me than all your Philosophy, Chemistry, Rhetoric, or star gazing notions could have been. You may wonder if you please, but what I tell you is true, and much more; for I tell you if I had never seen nor heard of them, you never would have known Philosophy from Rhetoric, or how to fill bladders with air that would burn brighter than a rush light.”

“Should you like to know how it was

of so much service to me?—Listen and

## FOREIGN NEWS.

He left Portland with a belief that he should not return. He said so and repeated it, as he stood on the floor of his room preparing to go, and playing with a piece of paper which he had suffered to drop twice without perceiving it. I am very weak, said he; my strength is leaving—I do not expect to return. This was uttered with striking solemnity, and the impression will never depart from the recollection of those who heard it. On his arrival at Augusta, whether he had gone to deliver an address before the children of the Coney Female Academy—he mentioned two or three times that he had come to die there: and when his friends gathered about him, and reminded him of the state of his health, and begged him to forbear, he said in his mild, firm way—*It is my duty*:—afterwards he alluded to his mother, an extraordinary woman, who had “left him” suddenly, but a few weeks before; and it was evident from his behaviour, even more than by his language, that her sudden death was a heavy blow to him. He was thoroughly possessed with the belief, that as he owed so much to his mother, he owed it to her memory by the last of his public acts to impress the future mothers of our country with a becoming sense of their own value. On the day when he delivered the address he had been quite unwell before he made the attempt; during the delivery he grew so ill that he was obliged to sit down; and after it was delivered he went straight way to bed—the bed of death.

He was not afraid of death—after he knew that death was inevitable; nor was he afraid of it before, properly speaking, though he would have resisted the approach, and avoided the presence of unworthy danger, like every rational man, if he had been able to do so. He conversed on the subject hour by hour, and with perfect composure—nay, with a sort of strange, mournful, pleasantness: for it so happened that one day, as he & the adjutant-general of the state, an old and very intimate friend, were sitting together, he remarked that he should have to stay with him; to which the general who had no idea of his danger, and who saw nothing in the observation but a desire to converse on a favorite though dangerous theme, replied—Well, well, governor, we can give you a good tomb here. The next day, or the day after, finding that he could keep no food upon his stomach, not even a light broth, the governor turned to the general's wife, as she sat near, and said with a smile, which never quite abandoned his mouth, Well, madam, I believe I shall have to accept your husband's invitation.

But one of the most remarkable circumstances that attended his death was this. During the whole of his delirium, he never uttered an equivocal sentiment, nor an improper word. Nay more, he never lost sight of his own personal dignity—nor of what he owed as a man to the presence of a female; for in his fiercest paroxysms, he would suddenly collect himself so far as to wrestle down with overwhelming power, the spirit that shook him, and apologize in the language of a gentleman for the unhappy ‘hallucination,’ as he termed it, which he had been partially subdued by.

On one occasion he insisted on getting up. The general remonstrated with him and urged him to lie down. But he refused—he could not be controlled. You may have the physical superiority, said he, but you shall not control my mind. The general saw it was in vain to argue with him in the usual way. Governor, said he, you are a philosopher, & will not contend with what is inevitable. The poor delirious man looked at him—smiled faintly—and lay down like a child at the bidding of its mother. And not long before he breathed his last, as an elder son of the general sat watching by him, he took it into his head to get up. The young man argued with him, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, told him he must lie down. Must—there is no such word for me. I will not be controlled sir. But, continued the other, alarmed at the probable consequences, I entreat you, I beg of you to lie down. O, said the governor, that is another affair; that is talking rationally; and he lay down, as quiet as if nothing were the matter, although unquestionably delirious at the time. These facts are not mentioned lightly—they help to show the man's character; he would not be dealt with by any body, nor any thing, to the abridgment of his liberty. No outrage affected him in health like that of one person daring to exercise improper dominion over another. And weak, tho' he was—a small man of a slight frame, he would have resisted even to death the oppression of brute force over any body. But the last scene of all was yet more striking—he addressed the troops in eloquent and powerful language, though it was occasionally incoherent; and the last words he spoke were—Gentlemen, I call you all to witness that I die in the presence of Franklin—after which he appeared to forget himself—to sink into a lethargy—and then he revived and added, as if communing with a congress of shadows—A sacred and solemn scene. And with this, the spirit of the sufferer prepared for departure—and his last hour was an hour of untroubled sleep.

By the arrival of the packet ship New York, European intelligence, eight days later than in our last, has been received. The news of peace is fully confirmed, and the particulars of the treaty are given in the London papers. The following abstract is taken from the Liverpool Mercury of Oct. 17:—

**RUSSIA AND TURKEY.**—The treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey, consists of sixteen articles, by the last of which the treaty is to be ratified within six weeks, and is signed by Count Diebitsch, Count Orloff, and Count Pahlen. Moldavia and Wallachia, Adrianople, Silistria, the whole extent of the Balkan from Eme to as far as Kazan, Bourgas, Sizopolis, and all the places which the Russian troops have occupied in Roumelia, are to be restored to the Porte. The Pruth, from Moldavia to the Danube, and the Danube to the mouth of St. George's, will continue to form the frontier line between the two empires. The Danube is to be navigable to the merchant vessels of the Powers, but the Russian ships of war are not to go beyond the junction of the Danube with the Pruth. The line following the limit of the Gourel, from the Black Sea as far as Imenia and from thence to the junction of the Akhalkalik, Kars, and Georgia, including Akhalkalik and the fort of Khaliluk, is to be the frontier of Georgia, Mingrelia, and other provinces of the Caucasus united to Russia. All the countries to the south and west of this line, together with Kars, Erzeroum, and other towns and pachalicks which have been occupied by the Russian troops, are to be under the dominion of the Porte. The privileges of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia are secured to them. The six districts detached from Servia are to be restored, and the clauses of the treaty of Ackermann referring to Servia are to be immediately observed by the Porte. The 7th article claims great privileges and immunities for Russian vessels trading to Turkey, and for Russian subjects residing in the dominions of the Porte. The latter are to be under the exclusive jurisdiction and police of the Ministers and the Consuls of Russia; and the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, and the canal of Constantinople, are to be open to all merchant vessels of powers at peace with the Sublime Porte. An infraction of any of the stipulations in this article, without prompt redress, is to be taken as a declaration of hostility. By the 8th article the Porte is to pay, in the course of eighteen months, 1,500,000 ducats of Holland, about £750,000, as an indemnity to Russian merchants for losses in consequence of the measures relating to the navigation of the Bosphorus, at different periods, since 1806. The next article relates to the indemnity for the expenses of the war, the amount of which is fixed in a separate treaty.—The Porte is to declare its entire adhesion to the treaty of July 6, 1827, concluded at London. Until the complete evacuation of the territories occupied by the Russian troops, the time for which is fixed by a separate treaty, the administration of affairs there is to be under the influence of Russia. The 13th article provides, that there shall be an entire indemnity for the subjects of both powers for every thing they may have done or said during the war. All prisoners of war, on both sides, are to be set free, without ransom or condition, and furnished with means to reach the frontiers. All previous treaties and conventions, with the exceptions of those annulled by the present treaties, are to be carried into effect. By a separate treaty the indemnity for the expenses of the war to be paid by the Porte is fixed at ten millions of ducats, (about five millions sterling,) to be paid in ten equal annual installments. The indemnity to the merchants is to be paid in four installments, on the first of which Adrianople is to be evacuated; on the second the Russians retreat beyond the Balkan; on the third beyond the Danube; and on the payment of the whole sum of 11,500,000 ducats, they have the Turkish territory altogether.

A German paper says of the Russian General who has shown the value of Sultan Mahmood's military reforms:—The glorious successes which lately crowned the Russian arms, may, in a very great measure, be attributed to the skilful management of their commander-in-chief, Count Diebitsch; he is so much the idol of the army, that even victory dares not utter its sentiments. He is not only compared to Peter the Great, who, likewise led the victorious Russians against the Turks, but is pronounced equal in military talents, to the great Captain, who, for twenty years, led Frenchmen to triumph and victory, and culled so many never fading laurels for them and for himself. Count Diebitsch is small in person, and nearly of the same stature as Napoleon; he resembles him likewise in many military qualities. Those persons who have an opportunity of being near his person, are lavish in their praise of him, and speak in the highest terms of his fitness for a commander; his activity; his circumspection; his presence of mind; the acuteness of his observation; which

derives advantage from the most trifling fault of his adversary. He sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four, and passes the greater part of the night in dictating orders, or on horseback, to reconnoitre in person the outposts and making dispositions for the next day. His meals are extremely frugal, and of the shortest possible duration. In social intercourse he is the polished Courte: kind and affable to his inferiors; and he never fails to take particular notice of military men of any grade, who have in any way distinguished themselves.—With such talents as a commander and such qualities as a man of the world, he could not fail to win all hearts; and he is adored by the army, who consider him as destined by Providence to solve the long agitated question of the overthrow of the Turkis empire in Europe.”

The Morning Herald of the 8th of October, contains a letter from Lisbon, from which the following is an extract:—“John Bull's rival, Jonathan, is likely to interfere by force of arms—for the seamen of the American whaler, Galatea, have been treated with the greatest indignity. When the ship was seized, sixty Portuguese sailors, armed, and a prize master were put on board—yet, under pretence of the sailors having attempted to take the ship out of St. Nicholas, the Portuguese officer sent them, in irons, to the gao of that island. They were removed in irons, on board the Diana frigate—but when out of sight of land, their irons were removed, and they were forced to aid in working the ship. On coming near to Portugal they were again ironed, and, after four day's detention on board, were sent, under a strong escort, to the filthy goal at Lisbon, and thrown into the filthiest part of it, among robbers, murderers, sodomites, &c. One of them was obliged to be removed on a pallet, from illness, and is now dying in the hospital. The American Consul General, Mr. Hutchinson, by paying for other accommodations, has had them removed from this place of horrors—where, as there is no prison allowance, they would be forced to live on the pittance of charity. At his own expense, the American Consul now supplies them with food and other necessities. While John Bull has so tamely put up with bad treatment, it is not likely Jonathan will.”

## OXFORD OBSERVER.

NORWAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1.

## MONTHLY TRAVELLER.

We have received the first number of a periodical work of the above title. Judging from the hasty perusal we have taken of this work, we hesitate not to say, that it will prove one of the best sources for information which the present age affords. We can heartily recommend it to the patronage of a generous public. We forbear making much comment upon this work as the prospectus, which we copy below, will give our readers satisfactory information of the probable merits, and price of the work.—The present number bears date for January, 1830, and is given as a specimen for the future numbers. The second number will be issued in February.

“The design of the Monthly Traveller is to collect and preserve the most valuable matter afloat on the broad stream of Periodical Literature—to cull with care the choicest flowers of learning, science, poetry, and general miscellany, from the pages of the most popular transatlantic and American magazines, and monthly to form a bouquet which it is hoped may not be unacceptable to the lovers of light reading. Periodicals and ephemeral journals have at length become so numerous, that readers find it impossible to make themselves familiar with even a moiety of their contents; and it has been suggested that some self-elected censor who would submit to the drudgery of wading through the mass, and compile a magazine from the most approved articles, would perform an acceptable service, and might reasonably expect a share of patronage.

The Monthly Traveller, while it aims to present the best contributions of the magazines of the day, it is hoped will not be rendered less inviting than others, from the fact, that by its reduced price it will be placed within the means of every portion of the community; and will furnish a greater amount of matter in the same number of pages, than any similar publication in New England.—That the numerous patrons of the American (semi-weekly) Traveller may have no cause of complaint, it is distinctly promised, that most, if not all, the articles in the Monthly, shall appear in its columns, either before or after their appearance in the octavo.”

## CONDITIONS.

1. The Monthly Traveller will be published regularly on the 15th of each month, at No 63 Court Street, Boston.

2. Each number will contain thirty-two pages, large octavo, in handsome brevier and minion type, stitched in a printed cover. At the close of the volume, an appropriate title page and table of contents will be furnished.

3. The price will be \$2 a year in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing; otherwise, 250.

The members of the Executive Council are notified, that agreeable to adjournment, the next session will commence on Thursday, the third of December, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

It is somewhat diverting to hear the Editors of Jackson papers talk about the ‘federalists,’ ‘federalism,’ &c. as if that party alone had any pretensions to republicanism. They cannot forget who and what their party is composed of. Do they know who are their leaders at this very day? Poor fellows, their very chiefs and the essence of their party are federalists to the backbone. The following paraphrase of Cuffe's anecdote of *de hoe and de harrow*, from the New Hampshire Journal, is a pretty fair illustration of the subject of the two old parties:

“Cuffe, where are the Federalists?

Long wid de publicans?

Where are the Republicans?

Long wid de federalists.

Where are the federalists & republicans both?

Bress you soul Massa day bote to geder.”

## COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

## ON THE DEATH OF GOV. LINCOLN.

Why sad swells the dark wave, on Kennebec's tide?

Why sighs the soft breeze, o'er the waters that glide?

And why ye, her minstrels! your strains plain-

tic flow?

Why chimes the death-bell, with the cannon's loud roar?

They peal like deep thunder, long Maine's peaceful shore,

The drums sadly beat, while the pipes mourn-

ful play,

The leafless grove echoes the bugle's soft lay.

See! see! where Augusta's proud turrets rise,

Enshrin'd in her tomb there our honored chief lies,

The Patriot, Statesman, UNRIVALLED his worth,

There moulder's, and mingles, with dust of the earth.

Oh! hallow the spot, where his pallid form sleeps,

For Science bends over his ashes, and weeps,

She plucks from her fair brow, a wreath in full bloom,

And twines it 'midst diamonds of love round his tomb.

Rest, rest, noble Chieftain, no pillows thy head,

For Gabriel's loud triumph will soon startle the dead.

With honors immortal, thy dust then shall rise,

And bright Angels shall guard thee to holy skies.

Livermore Oct. 1829.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

MR. PRINTERS—I suppose you're against us in this ere business about intemperance that the mity sober folks are making such a fuss and bother about for you have printed a good many pieces on their side of the affair, but I gessas how you'll be glad to keep an old subscriber for every body looks out for his own interest. Therefore I'll warrant, rather than lose custom, you'll give a chance in one corner of your paper to say a little something on tother side of the question.—Now you know that every question has as much as two sides to it at least. Well these sober gentry have been for about three or four years telling about their side of the case every where and to every body and not a single one on our side has dar'd to say boo. Now I'll leave it to any body to say if this is fair play. For my part I'm determined things shant go on so any longer hereabout without their hearing something from old Simon at least. Now I was talking tother day with Squire Demijohn, who keeps store at Toddy Corner you know, about these ere things and the Squire says that all this matter about temperance and intemperance, &c. is nothing but a part of a plan of the church folks to get the whole power into their hands.—They mean to have church and state united and all under their command. He says they mean to get folks on their side chosen into offices and then they will carry things by a high hand. They wont then let a gallon of rum or brandy be bro't in the county nor a pint of whisky be still'd in it and mean to make us all join the cold water society whether we will or no. And the Squire says too that they mean to make every man go to meeting on the Sabbath and to have a bible in his house and to send his children to school and to Sunday school and all that kind of a thing. Now Mr. Printer I want to know if this aint against the constitution. Squire Demijohn says the constitution says that all men are born free and independent. Now what use is it to be born independent if we cant live so. If we cant have liberty to buy a glass of grog now and then and to drink it too, why then where's our liberty. If I must brush up every Sunday morning and rig out wife and children to go to hear Parson Plainly preach, when I would fain enjoy myself over a mug of toddy in Capt. Sokeam's bar-room why then where's the liberty our fathers fought for. And what if I do get fudged a little now and then—whose business is it. If I take care of myself who has any right to complain. I've always taken care of myself thus far and if Squire Demijohn has got a mortgage of my land, why I haint come to the town yet and I bought a ticket to tother day that has got three nines in it—so I shall no doubt draw a high prize and then I'll pay off my rum scores and have enuff to by as much as I want afterwards. What signifies to live in this ere world if we cant enjoy it. Dont the bible say, let us eat and drink for we shall die to-morrow. Heres scripture for these Black Coats that they dont seem to understand. Now Mr. Printer did you ever get a little too much of the dear creature so as to feel uncomfortable a little. If you didnt, then

just try it once or twice and Pil warrant you'll not repent it. O, it makes one so happy and so comfortable there's nothing like it. You'll feel as independent of every thing around you as you can think of. Why tother day just as I got home from Squire Demijohns with my old jng full of good old new england, our Sal come out and said as how the barn dore hadnt any hinges had fell down and the oxen had got on to the haymow and the cows had et up half the rye on the barn flore and et up half of it and split the rest and she and mother had just got um out. Now who wouldnt have been half crazy under such a peck of troubles, but as for me I was as comfortable as you can think of and as happy as Tilly and altogether owing to the drops I took down to the Squires and now and then on the way home. Well Gentlemen I'm rather getting out of my main object after all—I only wanted to trouble you just to give a general invitation to all good lovers of liberty that dont mean to be bamboozled out of their rites and think thares no sin in taking a little obeyjoy now and then and dont mene to be Crow beaten out of it, to meet at Captain Sokeum's Hall, Toddy Corner, on Saturday the 5th day of December next, to take into consideration the alarming state of our affairs and to form a society for the purpose of securing liberty of consunce and of eteing and drinking without being intruded upon and do such other business as shall be thot best by the society. Capt. Sokeum says we may have the hall in welcome, and he's got a plenty of good stuff provided for the meeting.—Now Mr. Printer after this ere meeting is over we shall want you to publish the account of our doings and if you wont do it as well as you've done for these ere Temperates and mean to be parshal, then we'll have nothing more to do with your paper. So I gess you'll look out for the main chance. As I've nothing more to say for the present I'll bid you good by.

Yours very affectionately  
till death  
SIMON SWIGGINS.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT BALTIMORE.—This stupendous column has nothing to be compared with it in this country, and perhaps it is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the world. Last week, a colossal statue of Washington, fifteen feet in height, was placed upon the top of the column, making the whole elevation from the ground, one hundred and seventy-six feet. In anticipation of the interesting ceremony of raising the statue to its destined position, the Baltimore American gave the following description of the Monument—Ccur-

The pillar and statue form together the largest structure of the kind, we believe, in the world; and the elevation of the latter to its destined position, at the height of a hundred and sixty feet from the ground, will be a highly curious and interesting spectacle.

The pillar is intended to be of the Greek Doric order, of massive proportions. It stands on a grand base or zocle, and is surmounted by a circular pedestal on which the statue is intended to stand. This base or zocle is fifty feet square, and twenty-five feet high; and with its sub-base, one hundred and thirty feet high; the capital is twenty feet square. The statue is fifteen feet high, and the whole height of the monument from the pavement, including the statue, will be one hundred and seventy-six feet. As it stands on a hill one hundred feet high, this structure raises two hundred and seventy-six feet above tide. It is constructed of white marble, slightly variegated, and is already a very conspicuous object to every one approaching the city, whether by land or water.—The statue will render it still more so, and will of course give finish and beauty to the whole.

The monument stands at the intersection of four streets, which, on their approach to it, are increased in width, so as to allow a full view of it. Though the area might have been larger with advantage, it is not every public work that has on the whole, a more advantageous position. A part of the area is to be enclosed, and planted with shrubbery, and the monument is to be encircled with a massive iron railing, three hundred and fifty feet in circumference, opened on the four fronts by iron gateways, and ornamented with lamp-stands.

When finished according to the designs, the Monument will present the following appearance. On every front of the grand base, a flight of marble steps, (flanked by massive blocks surmounted with tripods,) leads up to the door-ways. These flights of steps are partly finished. A broad frieze runs round the exterior of the grand base, (immediately under the cornice,) enriched with a series of civic wreaths, each encircling a star, designating the States of the Union. In the centre of this frieze, above the door-ways, are large marble tablets, inscribed with the name of Washington. Over the cornice a blocking course runs round the base

life of Washington, are to be placed in Latin and English on every front of the base. The following has been proposed as one, by the architect, Mr. Mills.

To  
GEORGE WASHINGTON,  
The Father of his Country,  
Under whose command,  
With the blessing of Providence,  
The confederated Americans  
Obtained  
Liberty and Laws.

The Citizens of Baltimore,  
Not in the vain hope  
Of increasing so great a reputation,  
But in order that  
An example of Patriotism and Private  
Worth  
Might be continually held up to view,  
Have caused

This Monument to be erected.

The base of the column above the great platform, is proposed to be encircled with thirteen colossal bronze shields, emblematic of the Federal Union; the faces of the shields to be ornamented with the arms of those States which formed the federal compact, divided by massive spears. At some distance above this band of shields, and fronting with the four door-ways, are four Eagles, sculptured in *basso relief*, encircled with wreaths, which are grasped in their talons. From these wreaths festooned draperies are suspended, which form a continuous line of decorations all round the shaft. The pedestal of the statue is an elongation of the shaft of the column, terminated by steppings reduced from a diameter of fourteen feet to a plinth of four feet, on which the statue is to stand.

The attitude given to this figure represents the great man (to whom the monument is dedicated,) in the act of resigning his commission, and the authority with which he had been invested by this country, again into the hands of the people, having accomplished the great object of his appointment, the freedom and independence of the union.

The ascent to the summit of the monument, or rather to the capital, is by two hundred and twenty-eight marble steps, winding round a solid pillar constituting the core of the column.—More than midnight darkness at present envelopes the ascent; but it is intended hereafter to light this stairway with gas, which would render it easier to go up. A noble view is of course presented from this lofty point,—which will become more and more diversified and interesting with the extension of the city, and the improvement of the surrounding country. At present the view of the town is by no means the best; but that of the country is beautiful.

#### MODERN POLITICS.

If there ever was a time when politics were to be scouted from honest society, that period now has arrived. They once spoke of Federalists and Republicans as though there was a party against our Republic. Gun Boats and Jefferson were once the tocsin of one party, while on the other hand the devil and Mr. Thomas Walker opposed them "tooth and nail." Next came divers and sundry strange figures in fight, among which were Burr, tariff and anti-tariff, amalgamation, John Q. Adams and Andrew Jackson. These, like little eels in a vinegar cruet, have tumbled over each other until every honest man's brains have got into a whirl on the occasion of their contest. Bitter however are the struggles of these aspirants for the uppermost side, and unforgiving are the feelings of modern politicians as they go through the rounds of the fandango machine of political changes. At last, however, "The General" has become the ascendant, and this too, constitutionally, and in the language of holy writ, "he doeth all that unto him seemeth fit." He has been reviled, and he punishes the scorner—he pulleth the wigs of his enemies, and they give out deep growlings. Let me ask, what all this amounts to, and how it will read in the history which posterity will give us? It will be a tale of folly, of blackguardism, of licentiousness, in all our political presses. We shall "sing small in the ears of our grand children." What should politics be? The wish to benefit our country. They should be as beneficial to the whole of our land as the air which is breathed by the king and peasant; they should be like the sun-light, which not only tinges the top of the mountain, but rests upon the leaf of the humblest daisy of the valley—they should not in any case be exclusive, but like the dew of heaven fall equally on all things. But in this, of all lands, the common good should alone be consulted. Politics here should be but another name for religion. Our pilgrim pious fathers, and our pilgrim pious veterans, who adored God and erected the battlements of freedom, should alone be our guides in the way of well doing—there are no true politics but those which have been bequeathed us—party has nothing to meddle or make with politics any more than bigotry has communion with religion. Our country and all countries are to be the recipients of political benefit and that benefit is the greatest good to the greatest number. But how has this word been profaned? It means, in

modern phrase, a devotedness to a particular man or a particular creed—the one clan is to be lauded and the other despised. It consists in a particular belief in a particular doctrine, and this particular creed or belief is denominated by the dignified name of—*politics*! If this be modern patriotism, from such good Lord deliver us.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."  
Succ Palladium.

"Anticipated Paragraphs" from the Augusta Patriot, to be published soon.

In the efforts of our political friends to move the Seat of Government from this place, on account of Kennebec having voted for Mr. Hunton, we see another evidence of the republican spirit of the supporters of Judge Smith. The federalists contend that many thousand dollars having been expended in commencing the state bldings, for that and other reasons there should be no change. But any republican can see that Waldo having given Judge Smith 1555 majority, she ought to have the Seat of Government at whatever cost.

We understand J. W. Ripley, whose seat in Congress has been successfully contested by R. Washburn, has been appointed Marshall of Maine, vice B. Green. We take the liberty to say that this appointment does not meet the approbation of the Democratic Republicans in this vicinity, including the ten distinguished Democrats who signed the Circular in favor of Judge Smith, and who entertained a just expectation that the office would be given to the editor of this paper.

We are authorized to say that Mrs. Delia Dodge, who has been so much abused by the federalists, is about to publish a vindication of her political conduct to be prefaced by a memoir of Mrs. Dodge by Nath'l Haynes, a gentleman alike distinguished for his talents and for the soundness of his political principles. The work will be printed at the Custom-house Press in Wiscasset, where Mr. Tappan already has it in "black and white." We may add that Mrs. Dodge, who may be truly called the *Northern Light of Jeffersonian* Democracy, has declined the offer of a nomination to Congress next fall, and will use her influence in favor of that distinguished statesman, the editor of the Norridgwick Republican.

Our readers will rejoice to learn that on the first of January next this paper will then assume the title of the *Kennebec Expositor*, and that the able author of the numbers of "Kennebec" and "Expositor," will be associated with us in our editorial duties.—*Hallowell Adv.*

It is reported that an influential member of the Aristocracy in Portland has recently offered to guarantee the payment of \$3000 for 5 Jackson votes in the House of Representatives! Republicans of Maine ponder well on these things! You are contending against fearful odds, and can only preserve your liberties by opposing this unprincipled Aristocracy with the most determined spirit, and with untiring perseverance.

*Hallowell Advocate.*

We see no reason to doubt the correctness of this report; we have heard a similar one ourselves; and we can trace it to authorities, which act as organs of the Jackson party. These unprincipled attempts to bribe the Representatives of the people cannot be repudiated in language too strong. Not a state in the Union is so grossly insulted by an unprincipled few as is the State of Maine. Corruption is openly practised; and its authors under the sanction of exalted stations make use of the emoluments of the nation to gratify their unhallowed schemes. But we do not fear their bribery, nor their corruption. There are men enlisted in the cause of the National Republicans, who are above the contemptible influence of sordid cash—and we believe they will find it as difficult to change the Republican majority in the House of Representatives, as to change the hill themselves.—*Portland Adv.*

DEATH OF SAM PATCH.—The illustrious Samuel O. Cataract has at last jumped out of existence—after having won for himself an immortality in the newspapers of the day. Truly the immortality of Patch is as valuable, as that which is won by the champions of powder and ball—His name, no doubt, will be enrolled among the great men and women of the land—with Madame Royall, Fanny Wright, and for aught we know, with the truth escuing Duff, who dictates in the Councils of the nation.

The last leap of Sam took place at Rochester, on Nov. 13. He sprang from a staging which was elevated twenty-five feet above the falls, the falls themselves being 100 feet high—making 125 feet which Sam passed through before he reached the water.—*Portland Advertiser.*

BREACH OF PROMISE.—In the action of Mrs. Godfrey vs. Kincaid, at the present term of the Supreme Court, eleven hundred and eleven dollars were awarded to the plaintiff. Mrs. Godfrey is a young widow of twenty-three, Mr. Kincaid is upwards of fifty.—*Portland Advertiser.*

#### DIED,

In this town, on Tuesday the 17th ult. Harriet Buck, aged 12 years, and on Wednesday the 25th Susannah Buck, her mother, aged 42 years, of typhus fever, the daughter and wife of Mr. James Buck.

In this Village, on the 23d ult. Albert Edwin Hall, aged four months.

Thrice happy infant! freed from care, From sorrow, pain and wasting grief; Nor doom'd life's lengthened ills to bear, Till cripling age should seek relief!

"Twas thine the crown of bliss to win, Ere yet the conflict had begun;

Ere thou hadst proved the power of sin, Unthrift its poison'd darts to shun."

Communicated.

In Paris, on Saturday the 21st inst. Annette, daughter of Thomas Crocker, Esq. aged 5 years.

In Bethel, Mrs. Eliza Walker, wife of John Walker, aged 63.—Printers in New-Hampshire and Vermont are requested to insert this death.

In Dixfield, Oct. 30, of typhus fever Mr. Peter Holman, one of the first settlers of the place, aged 60. Mr. Holman moved from Sutton, Mass. to this town in 1796, with 37 others, 31 of whom are now living.

#### NOTICE.

LL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing of JACOB WARDWELL or any other person, a note of hand given by the subscriber to Capt. Samuel Rawson of Paris, bearing date on or about the 8th day of April 1822, for the sum of twenty-four dollars, payable, I believe, in eight months from its date, with interest; as said note has been fully paid by me and is now unjustly withheld from me—I am therefore determined not to pay the same again.

JAMES WARDWELL

Albany, Nov. 21, 1829. 3w 22

The following STANDARD MEDICINES has ever proved a safe, economical and efficacious cure for some of the most dangerous diseases:

#### TO THE LADIES.

WHITE and SOUND Teeth are both an ornament and a blessing. The best security for their advantage is to be found in the use of the BRITISH

#### ANTISPECTIC DENTIFRICE.

This elegant Tooth Powder, with a very little use, eradicates the Scurvy in the gums, and prevents the accumulation of Tartar, which not only blackens, but loosens the teeth, and accelerates their decay. The Dentifrice thus removes the prevailing causes of offensive breath, preserves the healthiness and floridness of the gums, and renders the teeth beautifully white. Price 50 cents.

#### DUMFRIES' OINTMENT.

This preparation, for pleasantness, safety, expedition, ease and certainty, stands unrivaled for the cure of this troublesome complaint. It is so rapid, as well as certain in its operation, as to cure this disease most effectually in one hours application only!

It does not contain the least particle of mercury, or other dangerous ingredient, and may be applied with perfect safety by pregnant females, or children at the breast.

Prepared from the original Recipe in MS. of the late Dr. W. T. Conway, by his immediate Successor and sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, and sold wholesale by him at his counting-room over No. 97, (formerly called 70,) Court-street, Boston, head of Hanover-street, near Concert Hall, Boston, and retailed by his special appointment (together with all the valuable Medicines as prepared by the late Dr. Conway,) by ASA BARTON, Norway, (Me.)

\* Observe that none are genuine without the written signature of T. Kidder, on the above printed wrapper.

\* A large discount made to those who buy to sell again.

Dec. 1. 22 4w

29

PACKAGES NEW FALL GOODS—cloths

Cassimeres, Scotch and Tartan Plaids,

Bombazets, Camblets, Bockings, Flannel, &c. &c. just received at No. 6, Mussey's Row, Middle-st. Portland, by

#### 1830.

MAINE FARMER'S, ROBERT B. THOMAS' and CHRISTIAN ALMANACKS, for sale at the Oxford Book-store, by the hundred, dozen, or single. ASA BARTON, Agent. 6w 20 Nov. 3.

BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES.

75 PIECES blk, blue, mix'd and cold CLOTHS—10 do. mix'd CASSIMERES—SATTINETS, &c. &c. very cheap.

T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, Sept. 13.

PRIME STOCK OF

GOODS.

G. C. LYFORD,

AT the Store one door west of the Bank of A Portland, Middle-st. would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has received his FAIR STOCK OF GOODS, which with the stock before on hand, comprises the largest and best assortment he has ever had for sale. Among the new Goods are

50 pieces BROADCLOTHS

of all the fashionable colors for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear; 20 pieces CASSIMERES;

dark and light Blue and Crimson Pelisse Cloths;

Vestings all kinds; real Goat's hair, immitation or common CAMELETS; real Rob Roy, imitation Rob Roy, Tartan and Camblet Plaids;

plain and figured Flannels; plain and figured Ratinets; plain, figured and twill Bombarzets; black and colored Merino Circassians;

super slate Pongees; CALICOES, an endless variety; fine assortment of SILKS; Muslim all kinds; Handkerchiefs of every description;

Gloves; all prices; Silk, cotton and Worsted Hosiery; Double ground Bobbinet Laces for Veils; 100 double ground Black Lace Veils from 1.75 to 8.00; 200 Swiss Muslim Collars, Caps and Pellerines; Merino, Ray, Silk, Cashmere, Thibet, Valentia, Brocade and Cassimere Shawls; super 5 1/4 black Merino Bombazines; Irish Linens all prices; 3 1/4 and 4 1/4 Copper-plate Furnitures; great variety of Bonnet, Cap and belt Ribbons; habit cords, Buttons, Frogs, &c. &c.

ALSO—

A complete assortment of Domestic Cotton Goods, Yarns, Sattinets, &c.

12 cases Leghorn Hats, of a very superior quality, purchased at auction, and are selling very fast at a very low price. Also—good assortment of Fancy and Travelling basket, at lowest prices.

Portland, Oct. 20th, 1829. 6w 18

T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

#### DEDICATION SERMON.

JUST published and for sale by the subscriber, Mr. Wood's Sermon—delivered at the dedication of the Universalist Meeting-house, in this village. Also, for sale, Ballou's Ancient History of Universalism. As the proprietors of this work have ordered the copies on hand to be returned soon, persons who wish to possess this valuable history should lose no time in obtaining it.—Likewise on hand, Universalist Hymn Books. ASA BARTON, Agent.

Nov. 21. 3w 22

THE Members of the Oxford County Bible Society are notified, that the Bibles, ordered at the last annual meeting, have been received at the Depository and are now ready for delivery.

JERE. MITCHELL, Depository.

Norway, Nov. 21.

#### NEW CLOTHS.

ONE Case containing 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 Oil Cloths, this day received and for sale low by

T. O. BRADLEY.

Norway, July 28.

ASA BARTON.

Portland, July 28.

ASA BARTON.

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